Daily Eagle

A Feud of Long Standing That Has Broken Out Again.

A HISTORY OF THE TROUBLE.

The Contest Waned for a Time Under the Gentle Influences of Two Revivalists, but the Good Work Was, Unfortunately, Not a Lasting One.

The French-Everscle feud has broken out again in Kentucky. At Hazard, the place where and near where the two factions have for a long time been murdering each other, on the 15th of November, the circuit court convened, and the regular judge not being present the bar elected a substitute. Mean-while, George Eversole came into town with fifteen armed men. Most of them were under bond to appear at court, so nothing was thought of it. The gang increased gradually to thirty members. Only a few of the French



AN INCIDENT OF THE FEUD. One evening an Eversole fired on a French man, who was standing near the court house Both men were soon joined by others of their faction and a lively fight ensued, in which two Eversoles were killed. Then came a lull, af-ter which B. F. French entered the town with re-enforcements. The next morning at daybreak the fight was renewed from behind breastworks. After about an hour the Eversole party retreated, leaving their dead on the field. There were two Eversoles killed and several wounded. One French man was wounded. As the Eversole party occupied the court bouse the court vanished when the

The Hatfleld-McCoy vendetta, in West Virginia, and the French-Eversole vendetta, in Kentucky, have raged for years. Both par ties have defied the state authority. Gov ernors have attempted to bring the civil power to bear upon these factions without avail. But about a year ago a trial of persunsive force was made, in which Æsop's fable of the contest between the wind and the sun found a pointed illustration. That fable, it will be remembered, says that the wind and the sun made trial to see which could first make a man take off his cloak. The wind first blew a terrific blast. The man only wrapped his cloak the closer about him. Then the sun came out from behind a cloud and diffused a pleasant warmth, where upon the man took off his coat and carried it on his arm. What the strongarm of the law could not accomplish by force, two un-armed evangelists succeeded in doing by

pointing out the sin.

The feud, it is said, began (though ac counts of its origin are conflicting) several years ago, upon the story of a young man named May, who was employed by an Ever-sole. The story is that May suspected his employer of intimacy with Mrs. May. The husband did not take the law into his own hands and shoot the man who had injured his domestic happiness, but he told a man named French about it. French kept a little store in the same town as Eversole, and he and some of his neighbors used to sit around the stove and talk over May's injury. Soon after the Frenches and Eversole arrayed against each other and frequent affrays took place. French bired a small army, which he paid and fed and armed.

There were forty or fifty men in his ranks armed with Springfield rifles and revolvers. Most of the people of the town, however, sympathized with Eversole, and he soon had as large an army as the opposing general. Their stores, which were the headquarters of each, were at either end of the town, and pickets were thrown forward on the roads in tervening. These pickets would amuse them selves firing at each other, but no one was burt till a farmer, an Eversole, after drink ing heavily, declared he would kill any French man who interfered with him, and then rode out through a ravine to receive a French bullet. This set the country in a turnoil. The

courte took the matter op, but were not pow erful enough to make an arrest. Murders oc urred continually after this. The number of killed steadily increased until thirteen men were slain, though with so much firing why all were not killed does not appear. French, th shrinking manners and stooping shoulders. His chief of staff was one Shade Coombs, called "Robel" Stade to distinguish him from Black" Shade, "Young" Shade or boys, and war of the factions. All the families at Hazard but one sympathize with the Ever soles. But the town is very small and the people very ignorant. Barard has about 300 inbitants, a brick court house and a log jail, though what use either is nobody can tell. There is multher a church nor a school-

After an affray during the latter part of

"A Priceless Blessing."

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works, writes:

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the feuß was transferred to Hinckan, In Knox county. This was by no means a pleasant acquisition for the inhabitants of Hindman. The town was full of armed men, and people were afraid to go on the streets. Matters were in a terrible condition when, one day about the middle of January, 1889, two Methodist evangelists, the Rev. G. D. Hyden and the Rev. A. L. McClure, went to Hindman to see what they could do toward stopping the feud. They announced that they man to see what they could do toward sup-ping the feud. They announced that they would hold religious meetings, that they had heard of the many murders, and had come to preach the religion of Jesus Christ. They begged those who had taken part in the ven-detta to attend.

The people were inclined to laugh at the reverend gentlemen, but went to the meeting. They had no confidence in the evangelists' ability to check the mad career of men who have such names as "Red Mule" Smith, "Bad Bill" Smith, Bob Proffitt, Anderson Coldiron and others. Nevertheles many of these men were at the n first night Clabe Jones, "Red Mule" Smith, and "Bad Bill" Smith were in attendance, and the church was crowded. "Red Mule" said he had heard "them preachers was agoin to talk about the fightin', and he wanted to see if they had enough nerve to say anything

agin' the boys." agin' the boys."

These people have a great respect for ministers, and the meeting was perfectly orderly.

Mr. Hyden spoke first. He made no difference between the Frenches and the Eversoles; told them that they were all murderers, and unless they repented they would surely go to hell. Pointing his finger at "Red Mule"

Smith he spoke to him as follows:
"I have been told that you are one of the worst men in all this country. It has been your boast to count the number of your mur-ders, and prove that they exceed those of any other man in the mountains. For you, bloody sinner, the tortures of the damned were especially invented."
"Red Mule" Smith was startled and shrunk

back. Then the congregation sang a hymn and Mr. McClure began some remarks which showed the enormity of the sin as unsparing-ly as Mr. Hyden had shown it. The next night there was an increased at-

tendance. The townspeople became intensely interested. On the fifth night an Eversole man, Clarke Jones, the jailer of the county and a murderer at the same time, rose from his seat and went forward. He publicly confessed how his heart had been touched by the ministers, who had shown him how great a

went to Hazard, where they inaugurated a series of meetings with the same effect as at

It was hoped at the time of this work that the feud would be dropped. But unfortunately it has broken out again with renewed vigor. Perhaps the evangelists will go again into the jaws of death and again remind the contestants of the enormity of their sin.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BLOOM! He Dropped \$34,000 at a Little Game in

of what goes on among certain wealthy business men. On election day, in that city, three gentlemen found themselves with-out amusement in consequence of the closing of the board of trade. There were C. J.

Mr Bloom remarked that he would like to ers, and the three



small game, at which Mr. Bloom bet against the bank. For some time the betting was light, but as Bloom enlarged his ventures, all the while encountering

sat down to have

LEOPOLD BLOOM. a singular run of ill luck. In vain did he try all the expedients known to fare players, and in vain did he double up to take advantage of an expected change. It was an off day for Mr. Bloom. When he retired from the game he had lost \$34,000.

Fortunately for Mr. Bloom, he is not a confidential cierk, trusted with the care of considerable funds, but a rich man. Indeed, all the men engaged in the afternoon's amument are rich men. The money was paid over the next day, and in the saloon in rear of which the game took place champagne flowed like water. The persons interested regarded the affair as simply a pleasant opisode. The changing of wealth from one per son's bank to another is an ordinary event in the lives of all of them—indeed, a daily routine. While engaged in speculative pur-suits money loss its value in the eyes of the speculators, and men who are accustomed to make or lose hundreds of thousands on a rise or fall of wheat would not be likely to feel uncomfortable over \$14,600 on an afternoon's chance, may chance to get it. They are amusement. Quike likely before long it will keen, shrewd, experienced and unsorupulous, pass back into the pockets of Mr. Bloom.

At Middight.

Stounder-Excuse me, sir; but that is not a letter box you are trying to put that letter in. It's a fire alarm box "

Rounder-Who shaid it wash a letter box! (Hic.) If I want to send a note to ze fireman sayin' there ain't a fire (hic), who'sh business is it! (Hic.) Where's your letter box!-Grip

Beard Cronip's Last Cry.

MRS. PAULL E HOERTEL

Little more sensational testimony has been given during the Cronin trial so far than that of Mrs. Pauline Hoertel. She swore on the witness stand that she saw him enter the fateful Carlson cottage on the night of May 4 last, that she afterward heard strange noises inside, and that soon she heard the doomed man cry out, "Oh, God!" Her testimony caused a genuine sensation.

Pride and Prejudice.

Disapidated Tramp—Say, look a here, do you suppose that I've fallen so low that I wear a swaller tail before six p. m.! Never!

Large Male and Large Male an

The Kind of Man Mr. Goebler Stacked Up Against.

TRAPS FOR THE COUNTRYMAN.

They Are Set Most Ingeniously by the Sharpers of the City of New York-How The Police Watch and Sometimes Frus-



up with little knowledge fraud beyond the petty cheating customary of swindlers and villains in general. If that same stranger, before he might happen to New York, should read the metropolitan dailies for a time, his impression, false as it is, would be fully confirmed in his mind, and when he would visit the town he would feel He asked the Lord to forgive him, and said that he would murder no more. As the meetings progressed nearly every one in Hindman experienced religion and joined the church. Afterson Coldiron and Bob Proffitt both became Methodista. "Red Mule" Smith and "Bad Bill" Smith left the town. After two weeks' preaching at Hindman the evangelists went to Hazard, where they inaugurated a like bringing his bulldog, a Gatling gun and pened to fall in with some of the really ac-complished bunco men of the city, and they had a good chance to ply their arts.

The observant reader will here begin to

laugh me to score, and after remarking "Oho!" and "Pish!" will wonder that I should say, first, that the countryman's impres is a false one, and then describe his discomfiture on encountering mstropolitan perils. Nevertheless, oh! reader, the paragraph stands. It is all right. You will observe that I said our friend would come to grief if the bunco men should get a good chance at him. As a matter of fact, the chances of there has lately been one of those big amateur games at cards in Chicago, which occasionally come to the surface as an indicator of what goes on among certain market. no means owing to any perspicacity on the part of our friend, but because no skillful bunco man can go abroad in New York city without being watched, and his little game is almost certain to be interrupted by the po-

of the board of trade. There were C. J.

Singer, of Dupee, Swartz & Co.; C. H.

Smith, of C. H. Smith & Co., and Leopold

Bloom, all board of trade magnates. They
went to the Bohemian club, in rear of a
saloon known as "Dutch Henry's," to while
away the time.

M. Ploom ramarked that he would like to

M. Ploom ramarked that he would like to

M. Ploom ramarked that he would like to

M. Ploom ramarked that he would like to Mr. Bloom remarked that he would like to unless some unusual thing happens, or unless try his hand at faro; so it was arranged that our friend is a particularly capable idiot, he is ssrs. Singer and Smith should play bank as safe in New York as he would be at home.



"MR. JOHNSON, OF PITTSBURG?" Two things may happen-as the unfortu-nate Mr. Richard Goebler, of Butte City, found out the other day, to his sorrow and loss-either of which will put him in peril. He may rely on his own shrewdness, which is, doubtless, sufficient to stump around home with, and, for the sake of "seeing life," may go nosing around where no really high minded person would care to go, or the bunco men, always on the lookout for a and if they can clude the police, which they are forever trying to do, and sometimes suc ceed in doing, they are tolerably certain to get the better of the average countryman by

The means they employ have been described so often and so fully that it seems almost ridiculous to do it again, and yet the sub-ject can hardly be discussed without the description. The way in which the least sophisticated man on earth may escape from them is so simple and has also been told so often that it seems "vain repetition" to set it forth again, yet it is an admonition that can hardly be given too many times. This is the infallible rule, then. It is Inspector Byrnes' own, and needs no indorsement of ne. Moreover, it is the very plainest,

simplest common sense. "To escape buncoing, don't talk to strangers, especially on the street, and be particplarly careful to avoid answering any man who pretends to know you and calls you by a name which is not your own. If you re-member this and act on it, and are careful not to show any considerable sum of money anywhere, the bunco men won't bite you."

As to their method of work, it is almost stereotyped, and if it did not catch victims so ntly the bunco operators would seem foolish in not changing it, for it is as well known as the rule of three. Of course it berins, like Mrs. Glass' famous recipe for mak

ng hare pie. They first catch a "sucker." Several reasons combine to make strangers and they as often tackle men from other cities as from the country—their favorite prey. First, no New Yorker of sound mind, with money enough to make it an object to rob him, is likely to be caught. He will know the game too well. Secondly, the stranger will be likely to be lonely, and so more open to the advances of strangers. And, thirdly, the stranger, from his ignorance of the city, will lose time in making a complaint after being robbed, so giving the robber a better

Suppose the stranger, then, to have just ar-rived, and to be walking on the street. Bunco Time, 3:30 p. m.—If you will come to my room, my man, I'll give you an eld dress coat of them, and the ferries and railroad stations

something about every man wan is not a New Yorker that makes it as easy to pick him out as it is to distinguish a lamp post from a tele-graph pole. Nobody has ever explained clearly what this is, but every New Yorker recognizes it instantly. In some way our friend proclaims by his appearance that he is a stranger. It may be by his dress or by his walk, or by his bewilderment at some crowded corner, when dozens of trains and hundreds of nedestrians are crowded together in what corner, when dozens of trains and hundreds of pedestrians are crowded together in what our friend thinks hopeless confusion, all try-ing to push their way along the narrow space left after the electric subway opening has partially blocked both street and sidewalk.

The spider, recognizing our friend at once as the fly, approaches him. "How do you do, Mr. Johnson? When did you leave Pitte-

It is precisely at this point that the most astute bunco steerer may be easily check-mated. If the intended victim refuses to talk, or in any way to correct the error which the other man pretends to make, he is safe. If, however, he follows the natural impulse and says, "I am not Mr. Johnson, and I don't live in Pittsburg. My name is John Way-back and I live near Podunk," the imposter will apologize and retire in pretended confu-sion. Then the confederate comes up and greets Mr. Wayback, introducing himself as a nephew of some prominent man in Podunk, and claiming to have known Wayback in

If our friend Wayback believes this story and accompanies his old acquaintance (f), as he will be invited to do, he will pretty surely ne a victim. He will be led under some pretext into a room, where two or three confederates will in some way get his money away from him. Either he will be induced to bet on three card monte is favorite plan, though not followed by the bunco men now as often as formerly), or he will be asked to gamble in some bogus lottery or other "skin



name," or, if he won't gamble, some way will be found to induce him to show his money or put it up in the hands of one of the gang as a "guarantee" of something or other. In case all these fail, our friend is exceedingly likely to have his head broken and his money taken away. The ingenious schemes that are put up to induce the victim to think he is rational in showing his money or parting with it are numerous and various, but none of them is to impose on a man who has his wits about him.

The man who has his wits about him, how-The man who has his wits about him, however, as Inspector Byrnes said to me, is not likely to get into the clutches of these secundrels. If he does go to one of their rooms and is alone with three or four of them, as he will be, they will have his money before he will get out. If they can't get it by trickery they will take it with violence.

"What is the real extent of danger from bunco in New York now?" I asked of the inspector, after we had chatted over the details of what is written above.

tails of what is written above.

"There is very little, indeed," he replied, "though, of course, with the rascals continually looking out for victims, they do once in a while pick one up. That is inevitable. We cannot prevent all crime, though we have one a long way toward making this particular form of it impossible here."

"How have you done it?"
"We have driven out all the experts. You have read of more bunco cases lately in other cities than in New York, haven't you? Yes. Well, that is because they can't do business here. 'Hungry' Joe is serving a seven years term in Baltimore, 'Grand Central Pete' is seat not far from where I was standing. She locked up under indictment in Brooklyn, and held in her jeweled hand a book, in which she nearly all the others are scattered around the | seemed completely absorbed. country. Any one that stays here knows book was giving her an idea of the music in that he is under close surveillance and he store, I gave her no further thought. The does not try the game."

all, and know where they are. Of course, they have confederates, and equally, of course, there are plenty of men who are unilous enough to bunce a man, but they bayen't the skill. It must be an artist who shall succeed at it."



"Do they operate with criminals of other

grades and kinds!" "Very rarely. A burglar would be just as likely to call in a forger for a pal."
"Do they have any special places where they take their victims more frequently than

elrewhere?"
"No. They pick out a new place almost every time, and after they have caught a 'sucker' they leave the place and give it a wide berth for a long time."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

IN THE SOUP.

From the pre-historic ages,
And from many modern sages
Comes a troupe
Of siang phrases, and the greatess
Is that freshest one, and latest— People are not best or baffied.

None will stoop

To remark they're blue or lonely.

Or discouraged—they are only

"In the soup."

No one new-days gots the mitten, No fond lover, being smitten, Is the dupe Of false smiles that cost him dearly. Such a man as that is merely "In the soup.

There is now no business failing. There is now no dustone stating.

Like there used to be prevailing.

They don't whoop

That a bankruptcy is gailing:

They remark the soan is falling "In the soup."

If this drizzly rain keeps falling With persistence quite appailing
We'll all droop.
And will swim, not with the winners.
But where Noah left the sinners.



"Tommy, take this broken pitcher and throw it in the ash barrel."
"What's the matter, little boy!" "I broke de pitcher, an' me mother'll beat



"Well, here is a quarter. Go and buy an-





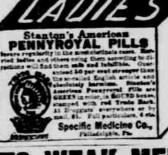
elmost as palatable as milk.
Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARYELLOUS FLESH
PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold

easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Bescare of substitutions and imitations A Fashionable Concert Goer. At one of the symphony rehearsals my at

tention was drawn to an elegantly attired young woman who occupied a high priced seat not far from where I was standing. She symphony began and ended. I had been "But what is to prevent any criminal from transported into realms of harmony, only to be called back by the turning of leaves. "The same thing that prevents a baker from making shoes—ignorance. Bunco is a fine art in crime, and there are really only a very few experts in this art. We know them sensational nevel throughout that glorious



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